

AN INTERNATIONAL TWOSOME.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

St. Bunker, N.B.

THE great International Golf Match between Major FOOZLE of England and Provost MacDUFF of Scotland commenced here this morning. The players in question represented the maximum handicaps of their respective countries. The weather was wet, and a large company assembled to witness the match.

At the first hole (385 yards) the Major led off with a low, bumping shot to within 350 yards of the pin. The Provost drove to the edge of the tee. Twenty minutes afterwards the hole was halved in fourteen.

The Provost took the lead at the third, the Major having just missed a put of an inch. At the next—the short hole—the Major sliced his seventh into the quarry, and, taking ten to get out, became two down; his opponent having holed out a rather lucky fifteen.

With his drive at the sixth, the Major struck a spectator who had stupidly been standing almost at right-angles to the tee.

On the eighth green the Provost skied his put, and lost the hole. A mechanical eleven followed, and the Scotsman turned one up.

At the tenth, playing a determined game, the Major smashed his brassie. At the eleventh, the Provost drove a divot 150 yards.

Approaching from the edge of the thirteenth green, the Scottish representative made the second longest shot of the match. At the eleventh, the Major tee'd a dozen Haskells before clearing the burn; the Provost, who went round by the "brig," winning in nineteen.

The long hole was halved in a strenuous twenty-five.

Late in the day, the Major drove into the last bunker on the course, the Provost following with the like. Here, for the next half-hour, play was of an even nature. Then the Major sent for a new niblick.

Later.

After the landslide, the Umpire decided to postpone the Match.

A GERMAN Military Expert who witnessed the recent British Army Manœuvres is said to have reported to the KAISER that, if the Germans landed at Hull, they would cross Trafalgar Square in three days. It sounds very slow going. It may be, of course, that this selected route would engender great stiffness in the joints, but certainly we know many people, not specially trained, who have made the transit of Trafalgar Square under the minute.



"YOU'RE DREADFULLY UNTIDY AGAIN, MARY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BAKER WILL THINK OF YOU WHEN HE COMES."

"THE BAKER DON'T MATTER, 'M. THE MILKMAN'S BIN!"

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

SCENE—Editorial office of a "progressive" evening paper.

Editor (as Reporter enters). Any news of the murder case?

Reporter (gloomily). None whatever.

Editor. Didn't you see Detective FIND-LATER?

Reporter. Yes; while I was trying to get some information out of him a passer-by pointed out casually that his tie had worked up the back of his neck, and the detective made that an excuse to leave me hastily.

Editor. Do you mean to tell me that you don't see something sensational in that?

Reporter. I don't see anything in it.

Editor. Then you're no good at reporting, young man. Here, SMITH,

take this down quickly and see that it gets well displayed.

"THE GREAT MURDER CASE.

"Mysterious Stranger Gives Information to the Police.

"While our Special Correspondent was in conversation with Detective FINDLATER this afternoon, a stranger came up and volunteered some important information, the nature of which we are not at present at liberty to disclose. The detective ascertained the truth of the man's statement and at once acted upon it. Further developments will be awaited with interest."

There, young fellow, this is a truthful paper and we want facts, but facts must be put before the public in an intelligent and attractive manner!

[Exit Young Fellow.



THE UN-LICKED CUB.

[The New Zealanders have met several of our best Rugby teams, and easily defeated them.]



THE FISHING BOAT



IN COUNTY CLARE.

"GLORY TO GOODNESS! SURE 'TIS A MOTOR-CAR. WHERE'S ME COAT? BAD SCRAM TO IT, IT'S OVER YONDER ON ME SPADE. NIVER MIND, DARLINT, I'LL PUT ME WAISTCOAT OVER YOUR PURTY FACE THE WAY YE WON'T SEE THE GREAT MURDERIN' SPLUTHERIN' DIVIL."

jacket. This, I haven't the least doubt, he did promptly and with zeal, for the butler, of whom I hope to say something on another occasion, is a stark man of his hands and is frequently addicted to the truth. I assume, however, that the Boy not only survived but was not much hurt, for this afternoon I saw him deviously making his way to the post-office, having under his cheek a bulge of apple, which did not prevent him from exchanging a series of highly elaborated insults with the Boy of a neighbouring establishment. His careless ferocity turned swiftly to meekness when he perceived me; and the other Boy, not being similarly restrained by the presence of his master, got in a last and blood-curdling piece of abuse.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. I.

GEORGE JOLLIBOIS, my excellent old friend, whom I have neither seen nor heard from since we last parted in Paris some years ago, took it into his hospitable head to invite me to witness *Les Vendanges* (this is not the name of a French play, but expresses the harvest time of the grapes) in the Médoc country where he passes a considerable part of the year.

"It will give you," he wrote in excellent English, "two days and a-half by sea from London to Bordeaux; and then as long as you like *chez moi*; et après you can return to London *via* Southampton. Wire 'Yes,' and you will find your berth secured *aller et retour*. In three days' time from now I will meet you à l'hôtel Terminus, Bordeaux."

Did I hesitate? Not for the millionth part of a second.

"*Mon cher*," I wired, at twopence halfpenny a word, "*j'y suis*." As my excellent host had said, so it was all done; and more, as he at once telegraphed, "*JUDKIN is coming; he will be company for you*." JUDKIN is an excellent chap; capital companion,—at least I believe so. I take him on trust. We arrange to meet on Saturday at the Thames Navigation Wharf, and sail by *La Hirondelle*.

With only two bags, and necessary encumbrances of waterproof, rug, and umbrella, I went, *per* Underground Railway, to the far East of London. Here, difficulty to find four-wheeler. At last, in vehicle of one (dilapidated) cab-horse power, we pass the Tower: descending a slippery stone-paved hill, we suddenly find ourselves in labyrinth of warehouses fifteen floors high. The lane winds like the Thames, and the stream of traffic would flow smoothly enough but for its being temporarily choked at intervals by blocks, sometimes perfect icebergs, of traffic. Occasionally these melt away, and we pass along for some fifty yards or so. Another block. Swung high up above our heads are two heavy bales, various threatening crates of enormous capacity, and, further on, when we can move, we shall pass along, like a modern DAMOCLES *en voyage*, with all sorts of dangers in a state of suspense over our heads, that is, the cabman's (unprotected), and mine (protected). There are heavy chests bound (in iron) for Bordeaux, packing-cases packed, big barrels—in fact, anything that, being portable by machinery, could be available for containing anything, however big or heavy, that somebody might wish to send for a change to Bordeaux. Packages mostly in the air at present, as if about to pay flying visits. Some in waggon, some in the last (landing) stage

of transitional existence. It seems as if several giants, with their families and households, bent on immediately going out of town, had settled on taking sea trip, and were now just in the middle of transporting their necessary baggage.

In face of these apparently impenetrable and certainly insuperable obstacles, our gruff-and-grumbie cabby becomes the most obsequious of men. In a cajoling tone he addresses himself to the giants' carmen. "I say, old man," says he, wagging his head knowingly, "couldn't you just give us a inch or two? We've to catch a boat at the wharf." "Back a bit, Guv'nor," says the jovial-looking carman, roughly but genially. "Guv'nor" obeys his order. Then a lane is somehow opened out for us, kindly leaving quite a couple of inches between the wheels of our cab and those of the carts. Along this we crawl. There is no policeman visible anywhere. Constables, if required, might spring out of some of the barrels, as the forty thieves would have done had not their intention been cleverly anticipated by *Morgiana*. There is no one to regulate, or control, the congested traffic; it is evidently one of those things that is all done by kindness. Irritate a carman in this narrow lane down by the docks, and if he chooses to stop the way you won't get to Bordeaux this week. That's a certainty. The order of the day is, "Who would catch a boat must keep his temper."

At last! Everybody comes to the boat that waits. "For the Bordeaux boat?" asks a porter, who, in a grimy blouse, suggests the idea of a stoker whose ablutions, just commenced, have been suddenly interrupted.

Yes. Let there be no mistake. The *Hirondelle*. "That's 'er, Sir." And while I am settling up with the cabman, the active member of the Partially Washed, carrying my bags, disappears among a lot of casks, barrels, rope ends, girders, iron spanners, chains, horse-boxes, and odds and ends of all sorts. There is a gangway from the wharf leading on to the deck of *La Hirondelle*. After dodging several mechanical effects and providentially escaping from under a horse-box which is making an aerial ascent, the horse in it looking out over the scene with an air of quiet amusement, I cross the gangway crouchingly and then stand erect, as did Mr. *Micawber* to face his fellow man, on board *La Hirondelle*. I look about me. No one I know. Groups talking together. JUDKIN, my intended companion, not visible. Suddenly I remember my bags; and with them the porter. Gratitude bestowed and porter withdraws. No JUDKIN. Perhaps not coming. A sharp, dapper little man politely requests me to identify myself. I do so, and he does the same service for himself on my behalf, informing me that he is the agent of Mr. GEORGE JOLLIBOIS, from MAISON JOLLIBOIS ET CIE., and has orders to see that everything is all right for JUDKIN and self before we start. Being practical, Mr. GRAY, the agent, summons the steward, whom I at once recognise as having been of the greatest service to me years ago on some other ship. No time for reminiscences. I ask him "Does he know JUDKIN?" He refers to his list. Certainly, he recognises the name. "You mean," he asks, "Mr. J. H. JUDKIN, your fellow-passenger?"

I do not like the sound of "fellow" passenger. "Here is your cabin," says WILLIAMS, the steward, opening a door at the head of the stairs, right-hand corner, and showing a cabin as neat as one could wish. Berth above and berth below. Having my suspicions, I at once ask, "Have I got it all to myself?" Steward is doubtful. Good heavens! Not all to myself!! Then, in spite of all JOLLIBOIS' kind promises, in spite of his tempting invitation, in spite of my great personal regard for JUDKIN (who may be the best fellow in the world), I would rather turn back at the last moment than have another individual, no matter who he may be, sharing my cabin.

Mr. GRAY is certain it can be arranged. Steward says it depends on whether there may be a passenger short or not. At this moment JUDKIN himself turns up from below. Our

greeting is not marked by the enthusiastic cordiality that characterised our parting years ago.

JUDKIN is a difficulty. I take the bull—that is JUDKIN—by the horns.

"I don't object to sleeping two in a cabin if you don't," he says to me, accommodately.

"I do object," I return, emphatically.

He tries to make some stupid old joke on the word "berth." If anything could have determined me on ridding myself of JUDKIN as a stable companion, it is his having indulged in this very stupid old joke. Fortunately at this instant up comes the steward with Mr. GRAY. There are three persons unavoidably detained ashore; they have sent telegrams. A berth is entirely at JUDKIN's disposal, where he can be all alone, and can practise his own jokes to himself as much as he likes, and die of laughing at them into the bargain, if he chooses. JUDKIN is reinstated as my friend.

Bell sounds. Mr. GRAY departs. *Bon voyage!* Crowd melts and is carried away behind the ship, which apparently doesn't move. The wharf, with tubs, casks, and odds and ends still on it and Mr. GRAY waving his hand, swiftly floats away, going astern, and in another few minutes it is forced upon my powers of observation that we are proceeding at a comparatively swift pace on our way towards the mouth of the Thames, which is opening voraciously at the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." It is 1.30 and we throng into the dining saloon, where our stewards place us, as if for some game, and in a general way direct our movements. The river traffic occupies the Captain's attention; so at lunch he is unable to preside.

Passengers, not in couples, are a bit shy of one another at first. The places at our table opposite to JUDKIN and myself are vacant. Both of us being anxious to watch the vessel's progress down the river, we hurry over the mid-day meal and return to the deck.

I am saluted by somebody giving me a hearty slap on the back. I hate hearty slaps anywhere. I am about to protest, when the slapper comes in front of me, which he might just as easily have done at first, and, holding out the offending right hand, in a Cranmery sort of fashion, he exclaims:

"Well! by Jove! this is first rate!"

It is BILLY BICKERSTIFF; in full, Colonel WILLIAM BICKERSTIFF, whose welcome I return with as much cordiality as can possibly be expected to be shown by one man to another who has just, to put it nautically, taken the wind out of his sails.

"Hallo! Colonel," I say, "this is a treat!"

"Going across to Bordeaux, eh?" asks the Colonel. His observations and deductions are always so original.

JUDKIN, to whom I introduce the Colonel, remarks that his guess as to our destination is a peculiarly sharp one, as this boat is only bound for Bordeaux.

BILLY laughs. He enjoys a joke. "Good boat this," says he. Then, without pause, he tells us its tonnage, carrying power, what it takes and doesn't take, and how often he has travelled by this or some other on the same line, until JUDKIN and I settle down in our deck chairs.

"We shall meet again! *Au revoir!*" cries BILLY, cheerily, turning to descend.

"So long!" says JUDKIN, sententiously.

A delightful evening on the river as the sun goes down. We shall be very soon dropping the pilot and making towards the French coast.

In these days of seismic disturbances we are not surprised to hear of entire towns being removed to another neighbourhood. This is what seems to have happened at Leamington and Malvern, which figure in the *Daily Telegraph* under the romantic heading, "By the Silver Sea."

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

(Illustrated by examples drawn from real life.)

AGREEING TO PURCHASE A MOTOR-CAR.

Letter from Sir LIMPET LUCK, a Baronet of sporting tastes, after a week's trial of a Puanteur car, which he likes by far the best out of the fourteen varieties which he had been trying, to the Puanteur Motor Car Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 301, Long Acre, in reply to one from them enclosing a prospectus of their business and enlarging upon the merits of their car, agreeing to keep the same, and informing them at the same time that he will no longer require the services of their chauffeur, a very agreeable Swiss mechanic, aged twenty-seven, with a wife and two children in the canton of Berne, and a licence up to the present entirely free from endorsement.

Stork Castle, Wildon, R.S.O.

Sept. 4, 19—.

Sir LIMPET LUCK has decided to take the car at £780. He is sending LEMERCIER back.

CONGRATULATIONS ON BIRTH OF MALE CHILD FROM DISAPPOINTED HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

Letter from the brother of a peer who for many years has indulged the reasonable hope of succeeding to the title and estates, his brother being an invalid and childless, and has even raised a considerable amount of money on his property and talked very freely of what he meant to do when the time came, to his brother the Earl, who, after being married for fifteen years without issue has been presented by his wife, a daughter of the Tomato King, an American millionaire, with a son, congratulating him on his good fortune.

94, The Albany,

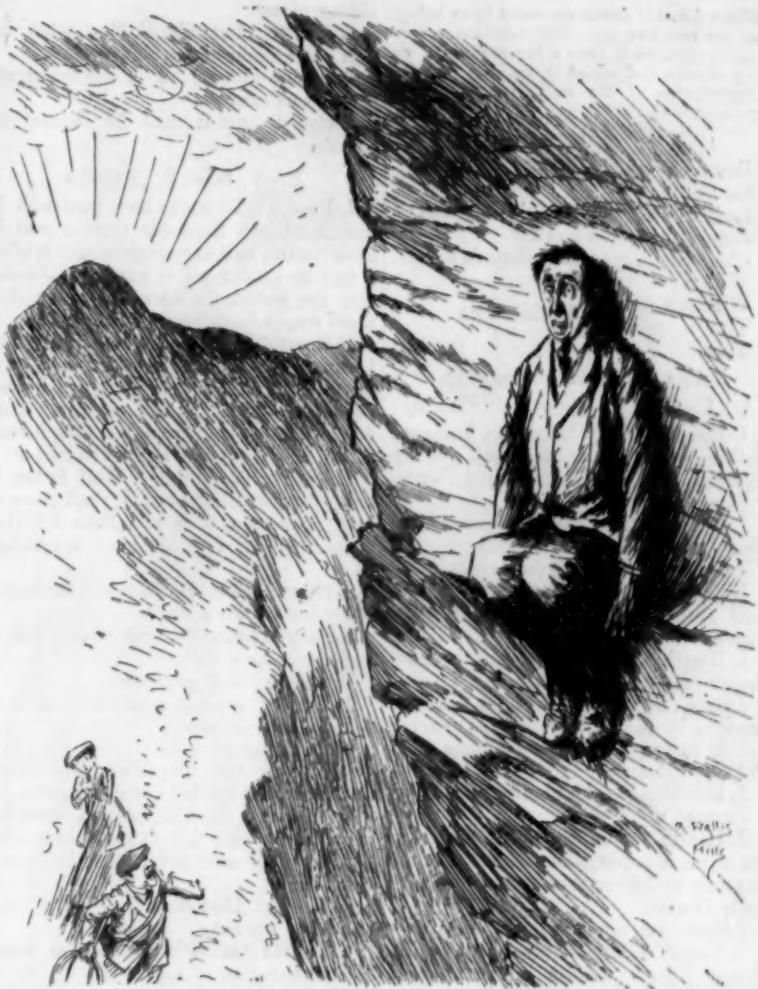
April 8, 19—.

MY DEAR BILL,—It is impossible for me to say how glad I am. Yours,

HARRY.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Letter from a gentleman of middle age who has retired from business and does nothing all day but watch his investments, play the pianola, and occasionally go to tea with his niece, the wife of a reporter a few streets distant from his own home, which consists of two rooms at Forest Gate, the landlady of which is a Mrs. RIBBONS, the widow of a fish salesman at Billingsgate whose Lodge gave him a very handsome funeral in '89, to a lady in rooms across the road, at No. 8, who has a small dachshund dog and takes the "Church Times," after several months of faint intimacy during which he has been asking himself continually if he really



Friend (below). "ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHEN I THROW YOU THE ROPE IS TO MAKE IT FAST TO THAT PROJECTION OVER YOUR HEAD, AND LOWER YOURSELF DOWN!"

wishes to marry or not, and has at last made up his mind that he does.

3, Milton Road, Forest Gate,
December 8, 19—.

DEAR MISS LUCKIN,—Will you marry me? I am forty-five, have £350 a year, and am insured on the most favourable scale for £2000. An answer will oblige

Your obedient servant,
HORACE HOME.

Catastrophe in the Fur Trade.

In King's Lynn, says the *Standard*, "they had the highest tide that they had had for the past two-and-twenty years, and as a consequence great havoc was wrought there amongst the goods stored in waterside warehouses, rats being drowned literally by the thousand."

Spots on the Sun.

EVEN the best and most loyal natures sometimes lapse from their single-eyed fidelity, as is shown by the following notice in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

"STRAYED from —, devoted Persian Cat (blind of one eye)."

More Reckless Motor-Driving.

"MARIE STUDBOLME," says the *Royal Magazine*, "is a motorist, and in her own garden is a terror to caterpillars when they are eating." We confess that there is something peculiarly sinister in the suggestion that this lady deliberately runs over her victims at the moment when they are preoccupied with their meals.

SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

(Being a domestic drama composed by an infant of ten summers, who, after reaching mature years, retrieved it from a box containing his toy theatre, and copied it out with faithful reproduction of the original spelling and punctuation.)

ACTERS

Baron Hearth
Sir Collins
Lady Hearth (the Baron's daughter)
James (the Baron's valet)
Clensdale (Capt of the Baron's men)
Wilson
Williams the Baron's men
Tim
Tom

3 Acts & 3 Sciens

Act I Scien 1 (enter Lady Hearth)

L Hearth What father not home yet (looking out of window) and such a frosty night (she calls out) James (enter James)
James yes my lady

L Hearth Have you had any news from London about my father's return
James no my Lady (bell rings)

L Hearth Listen that may be father (bell rings) go quickly and see (exit James)

L Hearth Who can it be if it is not Father (enter James)

James my lady it is a note for you brought by one of my lord's men saying I shall return to morrow morning at 10 o'clock B Hearth

L Hearth has the man gone

James no my lady

L Hearth then Be quick and give me a pen & paper (she writes) . . . tell the man to deliver this to its owner from Lady Hearth

James yes my lady (exit James)

L Hearth (taking a chair and sitting down) I have written a hurried note telling Sir Collins to come here as my father is out I love him almost more than any one we have always loved each other since we were children much to my father's horror for he hates all the Collins family he said there is a fude between them of which the Collinses take no notice and he swears he will have the house search if he suspects me of having him in the house (knock at door 3)

(L Hearth approaches door and says) is that you Sir Collins

(Sir Collins in a whisper) yes let me in quick (enter Collins)

S Collins I got your not all right shu—What was that

L Hearth Henry hide quickly (he does so)

(enter James)

James My lady my lady there is some one in the house I heard him talking in a wisper

L Hearth go away (laughing) your

getting old it was only your stupid fansey (James exit) (Sir Collins comes from hiding place)

L Hearth but Sir Collins what is that noise again hide quick again

S Collins (slowly) it is the tramp of the Barons men

L Hearth no it cant be (faints) & curtain

2 Act Scien 2 2 weeks

L Hearth To weeks have past and I have not heard from Sir Collins and I have not felt half so well since that fright I had and after all it was only James and the gardeners who had come for there wages

B Hearth (behind scien to James) oh I cant bother about dinner Ask my daughter And besides prehaps I shant be here to dinner go and pack my box As I tell you I want to leave this house in ten minutes (enter Baron Hearth)

L Hearth (laughing) Well father I here you are going away I shall have a lonely evening only as you have left the dinner to me I shall have something to do

B Hearth Well I am Blessed I throught you were out for a walk

L Hearth you thought wrong but I have been for a walk

B Hearth well goodbye

L Hearth good bye (exit B Hearth)

L Hearth James

James yes my lady

L Hearth take this note to Sir Collins

James yes my lady (exit James)

L Hearth Sir Collins will soon be hear (bell rings) this cant be him (she goes to door and says) come in (enter Clensdale)

L Hearth Clensdale

Clens my lady

L Hearth what pray do you want hear at this time of night

Clens My Lady I am sent by my master with a warrant to ask you if any one is in the house besides James if you wont answer I must surch the house is there any one or not in the house I want your answer

L Hearth I am Mistress hear when my father is away leave this house at once my answer is NO Curtain

Act 3 Scien 3

(enter Sir Collins finding Lady Hearth sleeping taps her on the shoulder)

S Collins wake up quickly

L Hearth who is that

S Collins Sir Collins

L Hearth Clensdale came here and etc etc (tells him all)

S Collins they are shore to come to night

L Hearth If so there is a trap door under the carpet in wich you can hide

S Collins shu—they are forcing open the back door the trap door quick (before

he has time to get right in the trap door Clensdale and men enter sieze S Collins Suddenly Baron Hearth enters)

B Hearth What is this (Lady H tells her tail)

B Hearth loose this man And you Clensdale I shall send you and your men to custody (turning to L Hearth and S Collins) I give my consent to your marrage as this wrong has been done you for I never mensond this to Clensdale

Clensdale (turning to B Hearth) then you are putting a sheep in wolfs clothing into custody

B Hearth no you are a wolf in sheep clothing and Lady Hearth is the sheep in wolfs clothing Curtain

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE VON BÜLOW having made a reference to his country's projected isolation, the Sultan of TURKEY has hastened to assure him that, in return for past and future favours, Germany may always rely on his support.

Negotiations, it is said, are now on foot for the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between Norway and Sweden. We understand that Norway will take the offensive part, while Sweden will do the rest.

It is a pleasant change to hear of practical use being made of the lessons of the Boer War. A constable at Chester has declared that after the War many poachers adopted khaki clothing, as they had discovered that the colour was a protection against the police.

At the Church Missionary meeting at Norwich, the Chairman asked for £100 as the day's collections, and the grand total of the offertories reached £99 19s. 11d. Could not Mr. CARNEGIE be asked to make up the deficiency?

The inventor of the crinoline has died. We hope that this may serve as a warning to others who may be thinking of devising any such hideous fashion.

Dover has been visited by millions of small black flies from the Channel. London still has to be content with the old-fashioned four-wheelers.

A rag and bone dealer of Zivettle, Austria, died, leaving all the money he possessed, amounting to £160, for the benefit of his twelve cats. The man's relatives are now disputing the will, and the result of the case, which is looked upon as a test one, is being anxiously awaited by all cats who have expectations.

"The number of noted Scottish houses," says *The World and His Wife*, "where the lady shot is made really welcome is comparatively small." We must confess that we ourselves prefer a lady who has not been shot.

There are some natures—and, frankly, we admire them—which see poetry in everything. In the list of "Books Received" in a recent issue of the *Daily News*, under the heading "Poetry" appeared (*inter alia*) the following items:—

Peace, and Other Poems. By F. BAINES.

Military Hygiene. By R. CALDWELL.

How to Invest Money. By E. R. GABBOTT.

Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu. By W. A. DUNNING.

Another unfortunate misprint! A blameless lady has been called "The apostle of the Simple Lie."

The trustees of a new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral have decided to change the faces of thirty or forty female angels which formed part of the original scheme of decoration, because of the protests of several clergymen, who pointed out that the Bible does not mention female angels. Fortunately the alterations will not present much difficulty, the addition of a beard or a moustache being a comparatively easy matter.

A correspondent wishes to know which is the smartest regiment in the British Army. We presume, the 1st Bucks.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has published an article on "The Japanese Smile." We understand that, owing to exigencies of space, "The Russian Smile" was crowded out.

The King of SIAM, whom one had imagined to be a man of poor physique, has opened as many as twelve and a half miles of tramways in Bangkok.

Cremation makes slow but steady headway. Three motor hearses will shortly be at work in Paris.

It is announced that a man 7 ft. 10 ins. high and weighing 255 lbs. has just joined the German army. France is none the less determined not to make any concessions in Morocco.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, it is announced, has withdrawn *The Conqueror*, because the public did not like it. The public, we feel sure, will appreciate the concession.



MUSIC HATH NOT ALL THE CHARMS.

Young Lady (philanthropically slumming). "AND IF YOU COME TO THE MEETING TO-MORROW NIGHT YOU'LL HEAR ME PLAY THE ORGAN."

Gutter-snipe. "OH, MISS, AND WILL YOU HAVE A MONKEY?"

Owing to a strike of the pharmacy employes at St. Petersburg, the public are unable to obtain medicines, and patients are recovering in hundreds.

The current number of the *Strand Magazine* contains an article on "The effect of diet on the face." The most disastrous effect we have ever seen was caused by giving a small boy, three years old, some bread and jam.

H.M.S. *Powerful* has lost its pet, *Peter*, the goat, and the Admiralty has decided to abolish the ram on other vessels.

"THE DENE-HOLES OF ESSEX."—Such was a startling heading in a recent number of the *Times*. In our time there has been only one Dean HOLE (bless his memory!) and he was of Rochester.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

The splendour of the Year has gone.
The summer skies are overcast;
Down the dark slope the Year moves on
To his dead fathers in the Past.

He hears no twittering from the eaves,
Nor music from the haggard bough;
He stoops, and twines the fallen leaves
Into a chaplet for his brow.

Beneath his shadow as he goes
The last sad lily pines away;
The rose—the very royal rose—
Drops, and is trampled in the clay.

O golden Summer merged in gloom,
O glory of the land, adieu!
Autumn has come, and I resume
My yearly cold—Atish! Ashoo!

DUM-DUM.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. I.

HE MAKES HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A MOUNTAIN PATH, A HIGHLAND POST, AND A PACK-SADDLE—NONE OF WHICH HE APPRECIATES AS HE SHOULD.

THE AGE OF EDUCATION.

THE scrubbing-brush is "idle," the pick-axe and the spade
Lie rotten, forgotten—unused of man or maid.
The hands that once were horny will no longer bear the stain
Of toiling and moiling—this is the age of brain;
For why should people labour when a thoughtful L.C.C.
Befriends them and sends them to read for a degree?

They're burning for learning,
Their culture-craving hearts
Are turning with yearning
To pedagogic arts
And the golden stores of knowledge
In a Correspondence College.

MARIE ANN's "selected," though her skirts but reach her
knees,
To figure, when bigger, among the girl P.T.'s;*
Before she puts her pigtail up and takes to using "Hinde's,"
MARIE will try her fair hand on youthful minds.
Instead of helping Mother with the babies in the slums
She'll hammer at grammar, psychology and sums.

She's burning, &c.

The policeman's son's an ex-P.T., and views, with nose
turned up,
Pickpocket, lost locket, and law-defying pup;
The butcher's boy is reading for "Matric." and doesn't care
A button for mutton—his fancies fly elsewhere;

* Pupil Teachers.

The grocer's lad is busy with his "Inter. Arts," and he's
Forsaken the bacon, the butter and the cheese.

They're turning, &c.

When all the world are graduates at twenty pounds a year,
When biceps and triceps begin to disappear,
There'll be a boom in muscle, and the navy's day will dawn
All sunny, when money goes hand in hand with brawn.
And so farewell to Trinity, for soon I hope to find
Brick-laying more paying than any skill of mind.

I'm turning from learning,
My money-craving heart
Is burning with yearning
To ply the hodman's art,
And forget the worthless knowledge
Which I gathered up at College.

"If Youth but knew."

UNDER this title "KAPPA" has been writing in the
Westminster Gazette to prove, amongst other things, that
too much time is devoted to athletics in our schools. And
now our contemporary says: "We give this morning a
first selection of the large number of letters which have
reached us during the last few days on the series of articles
by our contributor 'KAPPA' dealing with public-school educa-
tion, which was brought to a close last Saturday." What, no
more education? *If youth but knew!*



WHY NOT?

FRANCE (to RUSSIA). "AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE WITH MR. BULL?"

RUSSIA. "I THINK I SHOULD RATHER LIKE TO, IF HE WOULDN'T TREAD ON MY TOES."

FRANCE. "OH, BUT HE WON'T. HE'S IMPROVED IMMENSELY. I FIND HIM ADORABLE!"

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

NO. I.—HOW TO TAKE A CAB.

CABS as we know them to-day may be taken in at least two ways. The Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX, when in the process of sowing his wild oats, is said to have taken a cab whose driver or "jarvey" was asleep inside, and driven it to the City Temple, where he left it. The famous principle of common law, however, that

He who would steal a pin
Would steal some greater thing,

is now held to apply to cabs as well as to bank-notes and postal-orders, and anyone who would "take a cab" in the sense of appropriating it to his own use without paying for it would soon find himself in trouble, and even liable to a severe punishment.

No. When you announce your intention of "taking a cab" from one place to another, what you actually mean is that the cab is going to take you. It is one of those little inversions of speech common in our language about which there is no difficulty, as they are universally understood.

Let us suppose that you wish to drive from your house in Piccadilly to your Club in the Strand. (You probably do not live in Piccadilly, and there are no Clubs in the Strand, but the example will suffice.) You go out into the street, hold up your stick or umbrella and call out "Hi!" By these means you are understood to be hailing a cab, and two or more hansoms will instantly dash up to you from different directions, the respective drivers of which will immediately start abusing one another. Select the one who comes off *worst* in the contest. He will be more easily disposed of at the end of the journey.

When you have told the driver where you wish him to go, climbed up into the cab, and given a penny to the street loafer who has picked up your hat (which has been knocked off into the mud by the reins), you will have nothing more to do until you reach your journey's end, except sit still and examine yourself in the small pieces of looking-glass supplied for that purpose. In some of the best-appointed hansoms you will find a box of matches and the stump end of a cigar in a little tray by your elbow. It is not advisable to smoke the latter, but there is no objection to your filling your own matchbox from the stock provided. If the horse falls down, sit where you are until he gets up again, and leave somebody else to take the seat of honour on his head.

Arrived at your destination, get out and pay the cabman a shilling. He will hold it in his palm, regard it sceptically and ask, "What's this?" His question is in the nature of a rhetorical utterance,



TRIALS OF A FIANCÉ.

Young Lady (to Fiancé, who has rashly promised to teach her to shoot). "TELL ME, GEORGE, WHEN YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT THE LITTLE RED THINGS, YOU PULL THIS THING BELOW, DON'T YOU?"

for he knows perfectly well what it is. You will reply briefly, "It is your fare," and turn away as if you wished to close the incident. The cabman will then ask if you call yourself a gentleman, and without waiting for a reply will give you to understand that in his opinion your conduct unfits you for the society of your fellow creatures. By this time you will have enticed him off his box into the vestibule of your Club, where you can deal with the situation unhampered by a crowd of spectators.

You will now be in a position to play your trump card. This will take the form of an allusion to the subject of horticulture. In some subtle way you will imply that your adversary's real calling is that of a gardener. You may say, "You ought to be earthing up your celery, not driving a cab;" or, "I suppose there wasn't anything to do in the garden when they sent you out."

This will drive him into a state of apoplectic incoherency, and you must at once follow up your advantage by demanding his number. Press this point firmly. He will at first retort by asking for your card, intimating his intention of summoning you if it costs him a day's work. Do not give him your card, but ask him for his number again, and continue to ask for it until he goes away. He will do so eventually, after a final contemptuous reference to your appearance, birth and behaviour, which you will affect to receive with indifference.

It follows from the foregoing remarks that a man with capabilities for repartee will be in a better position to take a cab than a fool. But those of the slowest wits need not despair of being eventually able to cope with the most abusive of cabmen. Stick to the word "gardener" and you will never suffer crushing defeat.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BAD SHOT.

IN all other respects I have a tolerably good opinion of myself. Also I am good at games, as the saying is—cricket, football (that was in my palmy days), croquet, golf, and the rest of them. At all of these I flatter myself that I am a better performer than the average middle-aged Briton. But when it comes to partridges and pheasants, games in fact in the singular number, which have—no, has—to be shot at, I lose every atom of self-confidence which I possess, and endure a martyrdom of self-conscious agony. I arrive—let me describe my sensations for the benefit of my fellow-sufferers—at the scene of my self-inflicted torture by the train which lands me there in time to dress for dinner. So far so good. Previously, on the platform of the London terminus, I have nervously scanned my fellow travellers, and carefully avoided getting into the same carriage with anyone whose *impedimenta* included a gun-case, so as not to prolong unnecessarily the agony which I am about to endure.

For that is the simple fact. It is almost unminged agony to me to join a shooting party. And yet, as one finds a certain painful pleasure in poking at an aching tooth, I do it, very occasionally, because—I suppose because I have to live up to my birthright as an Englishman. Every well-bred male Briton is popularly expected to be a sportsman, just as he is credited with the ability to ride, and a complete knowledge of the points of a horse. The horse I can manage, when I am not on his back, and it is comparatively easy to refuse a mount. Also, by a judicious avoidance of technical terms, such as "pastern" and "hock," it is not difficult, when you are doing the stables after lunch on Sunday, to affect, to your own satisfaction at all events, a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the geography of the noble animal. I can slap him on the flank, or whatever the correct term is, and say "get over," with any man in England. But shooting is different. I cannot, except on rare occasions, succeed in hitting what I aim at with a gun. Consequently I do not enjoy the society or the conversation of those who can.

Before the shoot begins, if I pretend to any practical acquaintance with the sport, I am uneasily conscious that in a few hours I shall be regarded as an impostor. And yet, *que faire?*

To feign ignorance is to be looked upon as a dangerous shot, a mad dog to be avoided at all hazards. Consequently I (or perhaps I may say you, for I have a suspicion that there are plenty of us) talk in the evening as though I were a normally good shot, well knowing that

in the morning I shall be revealed in my true colours. And all through dinner, and afterwards at Bridge (I always play Bridge on these occasions, though I've no memory for cards, because, being a silent game, it makes sporting conversation impossible) I suffer, how I suffer, because I know what the morrow will bring forth.

The morrow dawns, and I feel in my bones, from my first appearance at breakfast, that the other men, and the women too, have already seen through my pinchbeck mask. Why on earth, I ask myself, with dismal self-reproach, was I such an idiot as to accept my host's invitation? I might so easily have said that I had another engagement, or even that I could not shoot. ARTHUR BALFOUR doesn't shoot, and he, like me, is a male Briton. But then he is Prime Minister. And a Prime Minister's record is already so black that nothing, not even the inability to shoot, can make it worse. But still, I *might* have been playing golf, or even sporting with AMARYLLIS on the croquet-lawn. There are numbers of Amaryllises here, but I feel instinctively that they shun me with one accord—because I cannot shoot. If it were cricket, now, the most difficult of all games, the case would be different. The best cricketer in the world may miss a catch or get out for nothing. And even if you are a self-confessed or a detected "rabbit," no one despises you for it. But to miss one is anathema maranatha.

The first drive begins. It is always a drive nowadays, which makes matters worse than they used to be. Over dogs I do sometimes hit. Once I even got a right and left. But at the end of a drive, when an officious keeper comes up and asks what birds I have got, attention is drawn to my want of success in a way from which there is no escape. When the next drive is over he doesn't ask, he merely looks, and after that he doesn't even go through the formality of looking for the birds which I ought to have shot. If by some lucky chance I do hold my gun straight, it makes no difference; the man next me, whom, privately, I consider to be almost as bad a shot as myself, always claims the birds which I *know* I have killed, and I am far too generous, or, to tell the truth, far too certain that my protest will be unavailing, to dispute the point. Before lunch arrives (and, to add to my sufferings, the ladies) I have become one of the least self-respecting creatures on God's earth. Wild ideas of sending myself an imperative telegram next morning recalling me to town, or of cutting my trigger-finger with my razor, flit through my disordered brain. But nothing comes of it. I stay on to the bitter end. For the rest of the shoot I dree my weird, occasionally

knocking over a sluggish bird, always when no one is looking. But nothing can restore my self-respect until I have left the house and all its Nimrods, male and female, behind me. For the time being I am become a criminal and an outcast. And yet what is my crime? I have tried to do the duty which England expects of me. I have gone out after breakfast and endeavoured to kill something, and my only reward is the scorn of my fellow-creatures. Perhaps I even cause them pain, and that hurts me. Which proves that I am no true sportsman. A true sportsman never feels really bad about the pain he inflicts.

MUSICAL NOTES.

As erroneous reports of the name and contents of RICHARD STRAUSS's coming symphony have been widely circulated in the organs of the hardware industry, we think it advisable to state the truth of the matter once and for all. It is *not* true that the title of the work is "*Symphonia Turbinia*," or that it is dedicated to Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S. The sober fact is that the new work will be entitled "*Systematica Discordia*," and that its aim is to translate into terms of music some of the most striking features of railway travelling.

The first Section will deal with goods—in which especial prominence will be given to a strepitous episode for milk cans,—the relative merit of trucks of the American and English patterns, and cognate topics. Attention is especially directed to an idyllic passage over which is written in the full score "The Stoker's Bath," where the turbid character of the instrumentation is noticeable, while the composer's preference for liquid fuel as opposed to coal is delicately indicated in the scale passages in the *Coda*. Sect. II., "*Maestoso assai*," is headed "Parliamentary Trains," and is of a uniformly tranquil character, punctuated here and there with an impressive *lunga pausa*. The principal subject is of a distinctly South Eastern type, and in the working out humorous employment is made of a characteristic figure representing an Irish engine-driver stopping suddenly to refresh himself at a wayside inn. Sec. III., "The Express," is cast in the form of a *moto perpetuo* or non-stop run, which is maintained with unflagging energy, passing without a brake into the superbly sonorous Finale (Section IV.) headed "Collision." Here RICHARD STRAUSS has exerted all his powers, with a result that can only be described as Pandemoniacal. Indeed the President of the Amalgamated Society of Boiler Makers, who has been specially retained to assist in the rehearsals of the instruments of percussion,



'Arry. "Hi, there! You there! Hi! Come off the grass, can't you? Don't you see the notice? It's the likes of you trespassin' chaps as makes 'em shut their parks."

Noble Owner. "Oh, I beg pardon. I forgot the notice. I'll come off at once!"

is enthusiastic in his praise of the score, and says, "In the whole of my life I have never been so riveted before."

The "*Railway Symphony*" will be performed on April 1 at the Queen's Hall, and Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN has already made extensive preparations for carrying out the intentions of the gifted composer with a realism and completeness unprecedented in the annals of programme music. Thus, in the Collision Section (*Presto fraccassoso*), the orchestra will be reinforced by the following extras:—

Twenty-four Chinese geese, to imitate the escape of steam from the wrecked engines.

Four Burmese gongs.

Two steam hammers.

Six pompoms.

One complete Javanese Gamelan.

Four cow-catchers.

Twenty surgeons.

Five anaesthetists.
Sixteen stretcher-bearers.
Ten naphtha flare-holders.

It may interest our readers to learn that the Chinese geese, which have been selected on account of their superior sibilatory prowess and are now being trained at Hissarlik, will be accommodated in the organ loft, and will be placed under the exclusive control of Mr. ORHO TWIGG, who has long been a corresponding member of the Ornithological Society. To lend further verisimilitude to the performance Mr. NEWMAN has thoughtfully arranged that the leading officials of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade (Colonel H. A. YORKE, R.E. and Colonel P. G. VON DONOP, R.E.), and the editors of *Bradshaw* and the *A.B.C. Guide*, shall be accommodated with seats in the orchestra, while tablets of corridor soap, Banbury cakes, and luncheon baskets will be circulated

amongst the audience. The attendants will be dressed as railway guards or porters, but it is requested that no gratuities will be given them.

Encouraged by the success which has attended STRAUSS'S "*Symphonia Domestica*," KUBELIK has composed a Nursery Overture entitled "*Gemini; or, A Day in the Life of my Twins*." A peculiar feature of the score is that there are two parts for every instrument in the orchestra down to the triangle, and that the use of triplets is rigorously eschewed. The slow movement takes the form of a duet for two muted double-bassinettes. Professor MELLIN HORLICK, the famous Viennese infantologist, has written a masterly analysis of the new work, in which he declares that the florid counterpoint in the whooping-cough episode in the *finale* cannot be matched in the whole range of BACH'S compositions.

PERFECTING THE PARENT.

"It is a great development of the times that the ordinary child who is past twenty is altogether better educated, more experienced and wiser than are his parents! It has occurred to me to suggest that after the eldest child reaches twenty the parents should, therefore, come under the control of the children."—*From a letter to the "Graphic."*

PENDING the time when the above suggestion shall be universally adopted, we have pleasure in submitting one or two hints as to the management of parents which have been prepared for us by an expert.

It is a great mistake to suppose that any parent is amenable to reason, and it is because many children forget this point that so much friction is caused in a number of families. Fathers especially have a most unfortunate idea that because they have lived in the world some twenty or thirty years longer than their children, and have had more experience of men and things, therefore they know better than their offspring what course should be pursued in any given circumstance.

Firmness as a factor in the successful rearing of parents cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The child that allows its father or mother to get the upper hand will inevitably regret this foolish lenience. It is not, moreover, a difficult matter, a well-trained parent being as docile as a lamb. Preferably this part of a parent's up-bringing should be commenced while the child is still an occupant of the cradle. Should a mother attempt to move away from the cot while the babe is awake, screams, cries, and, if necessary, convulsions, should be brought into play until the errant woman returns. The habits of obedience thus learnt will not be easily forgotten.

During the first ten or fifteen years of a child's life much may be done in the way of training. For a child who has the well-being of his parents at heart there are many courses open which, if used intelligently, will eventually cause them to look with pride upon their father and mother. Too much strictness with a parent is to be deprecated. They should be humoured in all sorts of ways, provided always that the indulgence craved will not act to their detriment.

There is, for example, a very harmless little pleasure which may be accorded to nearly all parents; a pleasure which never seems to fail to delight them. It is produced by that sacrifice of time and

energy which is known as "going to school." A child indulging his parents in this little relaxation rarely regrets his generosity. The parent, with that blind faith in human nature which is his most charming characteristic, may believe that "going to school" and "being educated" are synonymous terms; but, of course, the intelligent child knows better. However, the sacrifice is so small a one to make, and it is regarded by parents with such evident delight, that children who are earnestly endeavouring to train their parents are all advised to make it.

Of the two subdivisions into which parents may be divided, the female

intention to come home as and when you please.

An ancient custom has decreed that the male parent should be permitted to control the finances of the family, and that the child should be given only a certain allowance upon which to support himself. This ridiculous prejudice has often before now led to embarrassment, and it is full time that the matter was given careful consideration by the Children of the Empire. To begin with, it is impossible for a parent to know the many calls which are made upon a child, and therefore the allowance which is made to the latter is invariably inadequate. There seems to be but one

solution possible. Until he has reached the age of say twenty or twenty-one, the child should, perhaps, allow the parent to retain his control over the finances. At that age, after the years of experience which he has had, the parent should know exactly what his own yearly expenditure ought to be, and he should therefore be required to hand over the whole of his money to his child, who will make an allowance of the sum per annum which the parent thinks necessary to support him, always provided that the demand is not exorbitant, and that the finances of the child permit the due and regular payment of the amount.

Provided that obedience in matters of principle is insisted upon, parents may be treated with the utmost consideration and kindness, and nothing but good will come of it. Many a child who to-day is most proud of his parents has granted them almost every facility for enjoying themselves, and not permitted their duty as parents to become a burden to them.

In conclusion: be firm but gentle. Remember that many parents are not half "bad sorts." If you would have your parents a credit to you, spare no effort that will lead to the desired effect. Then, when in years to come you are able to show them to your friends, you can say, with your hand on your heart, that "they have all been trained by kindness."

Wedding Modes for Women.

FROM answers to correspondents under the heading "Manners and Customs" in the *Ladies' Field* we cull the following:—

"IRISH GLADYS.—Certainly a frock-coat should be worn at a smart wedding. The correct style of dress is a frock-coat, a high silk hat, a white waistcoat, a coloured tie, and suede gloves in light grey or pale lavender. Grey trousers should be worn, and smart black boots."



ANOTHER REFORM IN CHINA.

Suggestion for an up-to-date "Willow Pattern."

section (mothers) is by far the most difficult to cope with. Many a mother who originally had the germs of a well-ordered obedience in her composition has been utterly spoiled by a too lax indulgence of her absurd whims. Who, for instance, has not known the ridiculous disturbance created by a mother on the first occasion on which a son does not return home until after ten o'clock? Some of them, indeed, have been discovered weeping, having convinced themselves, on an entirely baseless ground, that something dreadful must have happened to such son. This weakness, if manifested in a mother, must be firmly and immediately checked. She must clearly be given to understand that you will be seriously annoyed if the thing occurs again, and at the same time she should be informed that it is your



SEPTEMBER.

Pheasant. "HULLO, OLD CHAP! HOW DO? WHAT, REALLY! GOING TO STAND TREAT AGAIN? WELL, YOU DO KNOW HOW TO DO A FELLOW PROUD!"



OCTOBER.

Same Pheasant. "HERE, I SAY! HANG IT ALL! WHAT HAVE I DONE? LAST MONTH NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, AND NOW I'M BEING CHIVIED ALL OVER THE PLACE TILL I'M BLEST IF I KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

FIRST night of Winter Season, Thursday last, October 5. A good opening for any gifted person with a career before her, and when that gifted person is Madame MELBA, the part her favourite one of *Mimi*, the opera our (at one time) special favourite *La Bohème* (as played at Covent Garden with certain eminent persons whose names are not in the present bill), it may be fairly expected that the winter season will be highly successful, if all the operas promised are up to the generally satisfactory level of to-night's *La Bohème*.

For this *première*, our accepted Bohemian Girl, Madame MELBA, was not at her very best; yet did she not play and sing the part as only she can play and sing it? Has not the representative of *Rodolfo*, Signor DE MARCHI, a beautiful voice? *Musetta*, as represented by Signora TRENTINI, is full of "go" and melodiousness. The three Bohemians, *Marcello*, *Colline*, and *Schaunard*, have not been seen to better advantage than when represented by Signori SAMMARCO, DIDUR, and NIOLA, while landlord *Benoît* and the elderly beau *Alcindoro* were capitally impersonated by two artistic natures rolled into one under the delightful Anglo-Italian designation of Signor WIGLEY.

The Conductor who led the band of orchestral brothers was Signor MUGNONE, an Anglo-slangily suggestive name for a gentleman whose work compels him to keep his face (or "mug" as it would have been termed in the *Alcindoro* period) so entirely away from the audience as to give those who would speak of him behind his back considerable latitude. Royalty was present, enjoying itself and storing up all the best tunes

for future delectation in India. *Bohème* is a great success, not a little of which is due to Signor DE MARCHI. But just a friendly word in the Syndicate's ear: don't overdo this opera, stick to the programme, and let there be variety.

Friday, Oct. 6.—To witness the performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the House was not by any means over-crowded. Royalty conspicuous by absence. But there was little wanting in "numbers," as, musically speaking, every "number" was excellently rendered, and the performance as a whole was thoroughly successful. Signor ZENATELLO as *Riccardo* was first favourite both as singer and actor. Signor SAMMARCO as *Renato*, Madame BUONINSEGNA (*Amelia*), Signora DE CISNEROS (*Ulrica*), all sustained their well-established reputations, and Signor MUGNONE added to his as Conductor.

The Metric System.

ARE WE RIPE FOR IT?

THE answer seems to be No, if we may judge from the *Daily Mail's* account of the MADRALI-JENKINS wrestling match. "Though the American," it says, "stood nearly 5 ft. 10 in., he was conceding a couple of metres in height." This brings the Turk out at about 12 ft. 4 in. Truly, a "Terrible" Turk!

HAS HE COME HOME?—To the Small Mammals House at the Zoo has lately been added an *Arctictis Binturong*, known in its native Assam as *Bhal-billi*. We seem to recognise the name. Can it be our old friend *Bhil-billi* under a slight disguise?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANYONE taking up Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's *Life of Charles Dickens* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), expecting to find it a revision, supplement, or extension of FORSTER's classic work, will be disappointed. It does not add anything in the way of biographical detail to information already possessed. It is, in truth, in no sense a *Life of DICKENS*. Rather it is pleasant chat round a selection of quotations from familiar works by a man who knew and loved the great novelist. It is none the worse for that. The clippings, made from many volumes and brought together in one, cast new sidelights upon DICKENS's character, invariably with the effect of endearing him more than ever to his disciples. We see him at work and at play, at which latter occupation he was always ready to lend a hand. His generous, bountiful nature shines forth in many incidents, half forgotten as the years have sped. Admitted to the inner circle of his intimacy, Mr. FITZGERALD came in contact with most of his chums. One of the best chapters in the book is the account of JOHN FORSTER, whom my Baronite suspects Mr. FITZGERALD did not love in the flesh, but to whose best points he manfully does justice. A letter from DICKENS's father, given in facsimile, dispels doubt, if any existed, that he was the original of the immortal *Micawber*. "Will you," he writes to Messrs. CHAPMAN, "do me the favour to deduct the £4 I owe you from the enclosed bill for £20, due April 7th, with 3s. 4d., the amount of interest, and let me have the balance, fifteen guineas?" In the recorded utterances of Mr. *Micawber* there is nothing more delicious than this. With lofty air of conferring a favour he proposes that his creditor shall pay himself four pounds out of his own pocket, and, that indebtedness comfortably, honourably wiped out, shall advance on the airy nothingness of JOHN DICKENS's security a further sum of fifteen guineas. Mr. FITZGERALD, in an ingenious passage, traces DICKENS's *père* not less in *Dorrit* than in *Micawber*. He sees JOHN FORSTER in *Podsnap*, Mrs. MANNING (hung in a satin frock) in *Hortense*, the French woman of *Bleak House*, but does not accept the popular belief that CHARLES DICKENS's mother sat for the sketch of *Mrs. Nickleby*.

H. H. the Raja-i-Rajgan JAGATJIT SINGH of Kapurthala, to give him his full title and postal address, has written a book. My Baronite warns His Highness's enemies (if he has any) that they will not find in it opportunity of clearing off old scores. *My Travels in China, Japan, and Java* (HUTCHINSON) is a brightly written record of travel by a shrewd observant man. Of China and Java the RAJA has not much to say. Japan had for him the fascination it wields over all visitors. Arriving just before the outbreak of war, H. H. had the opportunity not only of studying the people but of making the personal acquaintance of the MIKADO and the greater powers behind the throne. His MAJESTY appears to be lacking in conversational facility. "He asked me," the RAJA writes, "if I had enjoyed my visit to Japan; if I liked the country and"—here was a flash of originality—"if I had caught any duck at the duck-hunt a few days before." When my replies were translated the EMPEROR gave vent to a loud "Ha-Ha-Hum-Hum." A man of less courage than the RAJA would have trembled at this signal. In accordance with familiar tradition, the natural sequence of the line would have been, "I smell the blood of a Kapurthala man." It happily turned out that "the remark was merely indicative of satisfaction or acquiescence in one's reply." A few minutes later the MIKADO bowed out the RAJA. All was well, and Peace reigns between Punjab and Japan. The sprightly narrative is illustrated by many photogravures which add to its value.

While reading *The Hundred Days* (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.) it

occurred to the Baron that on this occasion its clever author, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, must surely have been inspired by a fairly clear reminiscence of one of CHARLES LEVER's best works, entitled *Tom Burke of Ours*. The Baron may be wrong, but he cannot help being struck by certain points of resemblance in the two stories. In *Tom Burke* the hero, an Irishman, an exile from his country, enters the service of France under the Great NAPOLEON, whose officer he remains up to the time of the EMPEROR's farewell at Fontainebleau. The romance of LEVER's novel is intensified by the love shown for the gallant young Englishman by *Minette the Vivandière* who is devoted to the EMPEROR, and by *Tom's* tenderness for poor *Minette*. *Tom* did not behave well. In *The Hundred Days*, which of course is after NAPOLEON's return from Elba and immediately before Waterloo, with which decisive event the stirring story concludes, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's hero of romance is a young officer (with an Irish servant) compelled to self-exile in France. Falling desperately in love, he follows the fortunes of a capricious girl who, though belonging to a Royalist family, is so mad a worshipper of the EMPEROR that she serves him in attire somewhat resembling that of a *vivandière*, as she would sacrifice honour, religion, position, everything, in order to throw herself into NAPOLEON's arms. Yet she returns the Englishman's love, as did *Minette* that of *Tom Burke*; and in the end, when all obstacles have been removed, and when the Battle of Waterloo has put *le petit caporal* out of existence for ever, sending him to St. Helena, then, as BONAPARTE is no longer to be had for the scheming, *Mademoiselle Yvonne de Feyrolles*, "the child of adventure and intrigue, her mission ended," clings to her English lover, *Bernard St. Armand*, "as one who might save her from the *débâcle*." And so, knowing that the gates of her home are closed upon her, never again to be re-opened; that all had been staked and lost on a NAPOLEON (including her—ahem—male attire), and that nothing was left to her out of this mad enterprise except a brave man's love, she consents to become this brave man's wife (brave indeed!) and returns with him to England, where, being cleared of all charges against him, he can dwell in peace, if only *Yvonne* his wife will let him. Methinks, quoth the Baron, that our author has somewhat hardly treated his hero. Better for him, that is if we are to judge of the possibilities in the future of this adventures by what has happened in her past, had his eccentric lady-love, to whom female attire has been comparatively strange and certainly unusual, met with the fate of LEVER's broken-hearted *Minette* and expired on the battle-field, as she might well have done, had her author been so minded. It is less a story than a well-arranged series of sensationally romantic adventures, vividly pictured. NAPOLEON always is, and ever will be, an intensely fascinating figure, and this, the penultimate phase of his career, has for all of us the most profound and most painful interest. The romance is called *The Hundred Days*, and we watch for the movements of the EMPEROR, listen for his words, and with anxiety await results in which his success or failure may be involved, rather than dwell upon the stirring parts played by the real heroine and hero of the drama.



A Call to Arms.

"Will any young gentleman with heroic instincts correspond with young lady, age twenty-four, good-looking, with view to matrimony?"—*The Pioneer* (Allahabad).